a great impression on me. She was exquisite in many parts, but in none finer than in " Adrienne Lecouvreur."

Her last act electrified me. I have never seen it better acted, although I have seen all the great ones do it since.

Her Marie Stuart, too, was a beautiful and distinguished performance. Her Juliet had lovely moments, but I did not so much care for that, and her broken English interfered with the verse of Shakespeare. Some years ago I met Modjeska and she greeted me so warmly and sweetly, although she was very ill.

During my more recent tours in America Maude Adams is the actress of whom I have seen most, and " to see her is to love her! " In " The Little Minister " and in " Quality Street" I think she is at her best, but above all parts she herself is most adorable. She is just worshipped in America, and has an extraordinary effect—an *educational* effect upon all American girlhood.

I never saw Mary Anderson act. That seems a strange admission, but during her wonderful reign at the Lyceum Theatre, which she rented from Henry Irving, I was in America, and another time when I might have seen her act I was very ill and ordered abroad. I have, however, had the great pleasure of meeting her, and she has done me many little kindnesses. Hearing her praises sung on all sides, and her beauties spoken of everywhere, I was particularly struck by her modest evasion of publicity *off* the stage. I personally only knew her as a most beautiful woman—as kind as beautiful—constantly working for her religion—always kind, a good daughter, a

good wife, a good woman.

She cheered me before I first sailed for America by saying that her people would like me.

" Since seeing you in Portia and Letitia," she wrote, " I am convinced you will take America by storm.[5]' Cer-